Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple o'his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hande,
And the youth, miſtooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals bee!
Ob. Stand aſide. The noyſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Pu. Then will two, at once, wooe one:
That muſt needes be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe mee,
That befall prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander, *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne, and deriſion, neuer come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuitie all truth appeares,
How can theſe things, in mee, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prooue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more
When trueth kilies truth, ô diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Ly

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues
Deme. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nymph, pe
To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine
Chriſtall is muddy. O, how ripe, in ſhow
Thy lippes, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempti
That pure conieal'd white, high *Taurus*
Fand with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to
When thou hold'ſt vp thy hand. O, let m
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee, you all are
To ſet againſt mee, for your merriment,
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe mee thus much iniur
Can you not hate mee, as I know you do
But you muſt ioyne, in ſoules, to mocke
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vowe, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe m
When I am ſure, you hate mee with you
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:
And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*
A trim exploit, a manly enterpriſe,
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides
With your deriſion None, of noble ſort
Would ſo offend a virgine, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you
Lyſand. You are vnkinde, *Demetrius*
For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I k
And heare, with all good will, with all m
In *Hermias* loue I yeelde you vp my part
And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my de
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſte more i
Deme. *Lyſander*, keepe thy *Hermia*: I
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29